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It's better for bread.
It's better for biscuit.
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It costs no more than other brand and gives better satisfaction.

Try one sack. See that your grocer does not substitute some other flour.

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Leaves Cleburne Every Night.

Vacation fares very low this year to
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Write for vacation booklets.
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We dispense Ardmore Soda Water, Ardmore Ice Cream by Ardmore Dispensers because they are most reliable.

HOFFMANN DRUG CO.

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup

CONTAINS HONEY AND TAR

Relieves Coughs by working them out of the system through a copious and healthy action of the bowels. Relieves Coughs by cleaning the mucous membrane of the throat, chest and bronchial tubes.

"As pleasant to the taste as Maple Sugar"

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For Sale by W. B. Frame.

LENOX SOAP IN HARD WATER

Hard water adds to the labor of the laundress because the lime or other minerals in it act in opposition to the cleansing power of the soap. Lenox soap is designed especially to overcome this difficulty; it will do almost as good work in hard water as in soft.

With your next washing try this: Before putting any clothes into the water, take a small piece of Lenox soap and agitate the water as though for suds; the Lenox soap will send the lime to the top in flakes. Skim them off until the flakes cease to come. The water will then be ready for use.

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Ardmore, - Oklahoma

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Are robbed of half the pleasure if you go without an Eastman kodak. We have the kodaks and also the kodak supplies.

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Henry Swain, Manager

"Fashion" Collar Pins.

Egyptian Sarabaeus Stick Pins.

Real Cameo Stick Pins.

COLEMAN BROS.
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The Praetorians

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Sells protection that protects. There is no better or safer institution in which you could commit the care of your family. All forms of life and annuity policies. See

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State Manager,
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Lumber is cheaper and labor is plentiful. Why not build that new house now?

Hudson - Houston Lumber Co.
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Phone 82

Some men would rather go away back and sit down than stand on ceremony.

GOV. PECK ON PROHIBITION VIEWS CONDITIONS AT BANGOR

By George W. Peck.

Former Governor of Wisconsin, who is studying the Prohibition Question for the Ardmoreite and the Milwaukee Sentinel.

Bangor, Me., July 18.—This city is away up towards the roof of the world, at the head of navigation on the Penobscot river, where ocean steamers from Boston come each day and return to Boston during the night. Above the town is a dam and a great water power, where Penobscot salmon may be caught, and away above to the north is the big woods, the lakes, and the big game that has made Maine famous, and a desirable place for sportsmen to visit. The Penobscot river is a logging stream, and the scene is much like Wisconsin, with the logs running smaller and fewer each year, and a certainty that in a few years the logs will cease to come, the mills will be turned into sawing factories, and Maine will be compelled to build up new branches of business or die at the top like a tree struck by lightning, and burned at the base by forest fire. Maine resembles the middle and northern part of Wisconsin, her soil being like our skunk pine, or cat-skin lands, but the soil is good, and they raise good crops. At most every bush, tree, blade of grass, or weed is the same as one would see riding south to north in Wisconsin. The people of Maine are a hardy, admirable, good class, with muscles of iron. The average Maine family lives frugally, eats codfish, salt pork and potatoes, milk and apple sauce, and goes to bed at dark. The breakfast in Maine is early, and hard work in the order of the day. At noon there may be a New England boiled dinner, plentiful, and at night bread and butter, milk and the ever-present apple sauce, the chores are done, and every body goes to bed. There is no dissipation in Maine, and little nervous prostration, for everybody works just enough out of doors, eats properly and sleeps soundly. The people do not have as much daily pleasure and enjoyment as they might, for they take life quite seriously. The young people do not get as much out of life as they ought to, their principal outing being generally a Sunday school picnic, or an excursion of a day to the seashore somewhere, but for the most part the young people on the farms are content to work, eat and sleep, and get married to neighbors. When the young people go to cities to complete their education and to get to see a little of the world outside of Maine, they are seldom content to return to the old life, and you will find the boys going west, or anywhere that brain and muscle can find a place to work out success, and the girls marry away from the farms and live a different life and enjoy being away from the old state with its admitted narrowness and contentment in being fifty years behind the times.

When the time comes that the lumber interests of Maine are no more, the state will be looking for something to take the place of that industry, but I fear they will realize too late that something must be done. With lumber gone, the shipping falling off, Maine will have to fall back on her "cities" that now exist, but which in cotton and woolen goods are finding strong competition in the south, and in Yankee notions, which can be made in Germany and sold in Maine cheaper than homemade goods. Then they will have the cod-fish industry. If the cod are not all caught off the coast, as taken to Boston, and the raising of potatoes. With a season of potato rot, and the cod-fish emigrated elsewhere, and the big game of the north woods gone, Maine will realize that she has a hard row.

I was told down the state, at Portland and Augusta, that when I got to Bangor I would find that everything was wide-open in the liquor business, on account of there being so many river drivers and loggers who were hard drinkers, but I didn't find any particular difference at Bangor. There was nothing wide open except a few wholesale places which were allowed to do business by the Sturgis commission, though they were bootleggers, speakeasies, clubs and private rooms where one can get liquor in plenty, and certainly there were many people drunk on the streets of Bangor Saturday night and Sunday day I was there. The Sturgis commission is on the same principle as game wardens, men appointed by the administration to stop the sale of liquor, ostensibly, but the people say the commission is to see that nobody sells liquor or drinks it out are not supporters of the state administration that may be in power. Everybody will tell you that the Sturgis commission, which takes its name from the "Sturgis law" passed some years ago, is to supervise prohibition and make it less of a scandal than it had been, but the Sturgis law and its manner of enforcement is a worse scandal than the "wide open" prohibition which everybody laughed at, and nobody expected it to be enforced. There is one laughable thing, the express company service at Bangor. Some wholesalers of liquor, that are not molested by the Sturgis game wardens, form an express company, and a citizen telephones to the express company ordering a case of beer or whiskey from Boston. The citizen is told that the order will be forwarded to Boston at once, and the goods delivered by express as soon as they arrive. The citizen hangs up his phone dingus, and sits down and in about fifteen minutes an express wagon is in front of the house, and the goods are delivered direct from Boston, four hundred miles away. It is the quickest work on record, unless it be the jag-wagon at Fargo, Dakota, which delivers wet goods from across the river in Minnesota. I talked with an old man of seventy, born in Maine, a poet and scholar, and he said, "Fifty

years ago every farmer had in his cellar good old Holland rum that cost him a dollar and a half a gallon. Santa Cruz rum as pure as possible that he bought for two dollars a gallon, and ale and hard cider, and he gave his hands a drink once in a while, and he took a drink of pure stuff himself if he needed it. His farm hands were sober and industrious and happy and would work as long as the farmer would. Now the hands have to buy poisoned whiskey, they get crazy drunk and are not worth what he paid them, and the farmer gets a skate on when he comes to town and drives his team over a stone fence. I asked a man who is a noted campaign speaker during state and national campaigns in Maine what his experience was on prohibition, and he told me of one incident to show how some prohibitionists operate. One day he spoke at Bangor, and the prohibition farmer asked him out to his farm to stay a day. Soon after his arrival the farmer said, "Judge, don't you want to see a good horse?" The judge said he would like to, and they went out to the barn, and the farmer showed a fine black and white horse, a bottle of whiskey and two glasses, and they had a drink and the farmer said, "Of course I am for prohibition, but I think a little good stuff once in a while is a life saver, so I keep a little out here, but I wouldn't have mother and my son John know about it for anything." The judge said he would keep mum about it, and he went to the house and sat on the veranda while the farmer was doing the chores. Pretty soon the son John asked the judge if he didn't want to see the best Jersey bull in Maine, and the judge said it would please him very much so they went out to the barn and looked at the bull over. John opened a chest in a box stall, and produced a bottle of whiskey, and they had a drink, and John said, "Since I got back from college I always keep a little good whiskey, for company, but I wouldn't like to have dad and mother know about it, for they are strong prohibitionists. The judge said he would keep it to himself. John went about feeding the cattle, and the judge went into the house and sat down in a rocker, when the old lady said, "Judge, don't you get awfully tired going around speaking so much?" The judge said it did sort of make him weary, but someone had to go around saving the country. The old lady said, "I am a prohibitionist, all right, but I always have a little New England rum in the house for company. Now, judge, wouldn't you like a little hot rum with honey and wormwood in it, just to rest your eyes?" The judge said he would never try it if she would fix him up a rum and honey, but she might leave out the wormwood. She said she most always left out the wormwood herself, but she often took a little rum and honey, because it rested her. So she fixed up a couple of hot drinks, hand of one to judge, looked out of the window to see that nobody was liable to come in and she and the judge had a nice sociable drink. "I wouldn't have papa and John know that I kept rum in the house, because they are great prohibitionists," said she, and the judge said he wouldn't mention it. In telling me about it he said there was a girl of nineteen in the family, and he expected every minute that she would invite him out to see the chickens, and ask him if he didn't want a Scotch highball. And so it is everywhere in Maine. Everybody that wants to, prohibitionists or otherwise, has no respect for the liquor law, and violates it all the time.

I talked with all classes of people in regard to the alleged prohibition in Maine, and every last one of them said the law was a farce and was keeping the state in the "back number" class, and ruining her business. I asked one prominent manufacturer of Bangor in what respect the law was hurting the business of Maine, and he spoke of the summer resort hotels in particular. He said the time was when the Maine summer resort hotels were filled with families from Canada, from New York, New England, the west and south, and they spent money lavishly, drank wine at their meals if they wanted to, patronized liquors, and had a good time, and went away with good words for the climate, the pure food and water, and engaged rooms for the next year, landlords were rich, they kept the hotels painted up, and everybody felt good. He says now that any resort hotel in Maine, except Portland Springs hotels, which are owned by the rich Poland Springs water people, can be bought cheap, because the old crowd do not come to them. The old guests feel as if Maine had got to be too narrow, and if they want to take a drink they have to perjure themselves, or bribe some one to violate the law and they run chances of being arrested by spies or blackmailers, and they say, "There's no fun in Maine any more." The auto tourists that run everywhere that good roads exist, shun Maine, because when they ride a hundred miles in the dust they wait a bucket of beer right from a cool place and one or two experiences of having everybody at a summer hotel laughing at them as they slowly chide and finally steer them on a scenic joint, is enough, and they keep away from Maine hotels, saying that there is just as much atmosphere in other states. So the summer hotels that formerly was the gayest place on the coast has become the quietest, and the landlord tries to look pleasant at his few summer boarders at reduced rates, and the place of the old crowd is taken by an occasional excursion or picnic, and if there is anything a landlord hates it is an excursion or picnic, where everybody brings a lunch, camps on his porch, and if it rains they go in the parlor and grind cheese sandwiches, pickles and gooseberry jam in the carpets, and the men of the party who want to be

smart, go to the lavatory to wash stuff out of bottles they have brought along, and then throw the soap bottles down the sewer, and next day the landlord takes it out in a wheelbarrow. Other business men say that they believe a great majority of voters would favor high license and some decent saloons, to the hypocrisy that exists, so they talk reprobation, which is to have the legislature give the people a chance to vote as to what they of the present day want. The old original prohibitionists who started Maine on her present unhealthy condition are gone, and the younger men who have been out in the world, to college, and have returned may want to vote, and the feeling is that they have the right to say whether they favor the present laws, unenforced, or better, and I must liberal and up-to-date laws, and they are going to keep on agitating until they succeed. They might succeed in bringing about reprobation this year, and they would if it were not presidential year, and they may anyway. There are more arrests for drunkenness in Bangor, a city the size of Oshkosh, than in Milwaukee, a city of 150,000 inhabitants. The Sturgis commission is a farce and a scandal, and prohibition in Maine is the laughing stock of the world, and her own people laugh at their own state. The people of the streets, in the presence of strangers who may be commenting on the dryness, will put up a self-satisfied look, like the cat that has swallowed the canary bird, and act as though they had had plenty to drink, and if they think you want them to do so they will show you where they got it. I went out to a little picnic temperance park, on the trolley out of Bangor to Sunday, and it was pitiful to see workmen who had drunk from the bottle of poison they had brought with them until they were crazy, and then became sleepy and unconscious, when they did not mean to get in such a condition, and would not have done so if they could have bought a glass of two of best

Jersey all in Maine, and the judge said it would please him very much so they went out to the barn and looked at the bull over. John opened a chest in a box stall, and produced a bottle of whiskey, and they had a drink, and John said, "Since I got back from college I always keep a little good whiskey, for company, but I wouldn't like to have dad and mother know about it, for they are strong prohibitionists. The judge said he would keep it to himself. John went about feeding the cattle, and the judge went into the house and sat down in a rocker, when the old lady said, "Judge, don't you get awfully tired going around speaking so much?" The judge said it did sort of make him weary, but someone had to go around saving the country. The old lady said, "I am a prohibitionist, all right, but I always have a little New England rum in the house for company. Now, judge, wouldn't you like a little hot rum with honey and wormwood in it, just to rest your eyes?" The judge said he would never try it if she would fix him up a rum and honey, but she might leave out the wormwood. She said she most always left out the wormwood herself, but she often took a little rum and honey, because it rested her. So she fixed up a couple of hot drinks, hand of one to judge, looked out of the window to see that nobody was liable to come in and she and the judge had a nice sociable drink. "I wouldn't have papa and John know that I kept rum in the house, because they are great prohibitionists," said she, and the judge said he wouldn't mention it. In telling me about it he said there was a girl of nineteen in the family, and he expected every minute that she would invite him out to see the chickens, and ask him if he didn't want a Scotch highball. And so it is everywhere in Maine. Everybody that wants to, prohibitionists or otherwise, has no respect for the liquor law, and violates it all the time.

I went to Old Town, up the river from Bangor fifteen miles, and to a typical old logging town, one street a mile long, or so beside the river, and an Indian reservation of islands, and across the river, where the Indians are so rich they do not have to work, and instead of making moccasins and bead work to sell they buy curries at wholesale houses to sell to tourists, and hire tailors to press their pants, but in many houses of the Indians there is hodge for sale, and nobody needs suffer, except after they drink it. The Old Town is pretty old, and pretty dead, and with the last passing sawlog the burial would take place, but for a few up-to-date canoe factories and a mill or two. There most people joke about prohibition and say you can't get a drink, but if you go up stairs or down cellar with a citizen, it is all off. At Bar Harbor I found the situation different, no stuff anywhere, because the community is nearly all cottagers, rich and with the dollars full, all except J. D. Rockefeller, Jr., who is a newcomer and plots, never having drunk anything stronger than buttermilk. Bar Harbor is about the most fashionable home on the coast for the rich, there being plenty of cottages that cost up into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, but there is no beach to bathe in, the city being on the shores of an inland bay, with the ocean out side, so rocky you couldn't get to the water without a lifeboat. Bar Harbor is on Mount Desert Island, an island twenty miles or so long, containing three townships, and no automobile on the island, and no electric cars, all the transportation being horse power. Every cottager has fine horses, and drive about the beautiful streets with no sound of the auto horn, and no fear of having to jump for their lives when they cross the street. And yet the police tell me that there is a good deal of drunkenness, and arrests are frequent, not of cottagers, but of men who labor. At

HOT-WEATHER CONSTIPATION

People should be very careful at this time of the year not to become constipated, and if they do become constipated to attend to it promptly. Many people have a special tendency to constipation in hot weather, owing to the sudden change in food and to the fact that the natural moisture of the body that in winter remains within and helps to digest the food, leaves the system in the summer in the form of perspiration. And as the heat taints the food and the water, a constipated person is especially liable to a fever disease. It is, therefore, very important, in both young and old that constipation should be promptly relieved. The best way to do this is not, as some suppose, by eating themselves sick with fruit and making the matter worse, but by taking salts and laxative waters, which, as all who have tried them know, give but temporary relief, but, on the contrary, you should use a tried and true remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which acts quickly but mildly and which processes permanently so that a steady and lasting cure results. A bottle can be bought of any druggist, in sizes of 50 cents and \$1.00, and this small sum will save you and your family a world of trouble. It is the best remedy you can take for any summer digestive trouble. You are guaranteed that it will do what is claimed. It will cure the constipation, clear the head, restore your appetite and sleep and make you feel like your old self again. Those who have not yet tried Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and would like to make a test of it, can do so free of charge by sending their address for a sample bottle to:

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

HEARST OFFERS PRIZE

TURNERS FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD PARTICIPATE IN CONTEST.

Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany, July 18.—Nearly 100,000 runners from all over the world hundreds of them from the United States, are here today to participate in the great gymnastic tournament which will be held at Frankfort on the Main during the coming week. Preliminary exercises were held today under notable auspices. About fifty American turners, representing cities from the Atlantic to the Pacific, are entered. The representative from the United States scoring the highest number of points will be given a magnificent trophy by William Randolph Hearst, the New York newspaper publisher. The American societies are confident of carrying off high honors, although they are pitted against the best athletes of Germany and of South Africa, South America, Australia and other parts of the globe.

Kennedy's Laxative Larch Syrup acts gently upon the bowels and thereby drives the cold out of the system. Sold by W. B. Frame.



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of cooking with gas allows you to stand erect, naturally and comfortably. No stooping or back-breaking when using the original and most improved construction which is

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Manufactured only by The Michigan Stove Company Detroit Chicago
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THE GARLAND WAY IS THE BEST

COOKING BY GAS has entirely passed the experimental, tentative stage; it is now and will probably remain for many years to come firmly established. There are, however all kinds and conditions of gas ranges—some good, some bad, some indifferent. In buying such a range, which is intended to last for practically a life time, you want the best, the most economical and the safest and the most convenient to operate. The best in the end is, we assure you, the cheapest.

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